

Memoirs Of A Spartan Page 1

by TechnoFizz36

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Summary: Memoirs taken from the computer chip of a fallen Spartan.

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Day 1

I have completed both my training and my surgery. I am still recovering, along with the other 71 newly introduced Spartans. The surgery was torture, there was no anaesthetic, no anaesthesia, no nothing. Nothing but the raw pain. But the few minutes of pain in surgery, was nothing compared to the long hard physical and mental training. We have been given two weeks to recover, before being sent to the front lines.

Day 15

I've finished my recovery and am en-route towards the planet Reach. I am joined by 25 other Spartans, including the legendary and renowned Noble Team. There have been reports of local disturbance all around the planet. Intel suggests that this is the work of Insurrectionists. We've been drafted in to contain the situation, and told that we'll be heading home within a month. Sounds good for a first job.

Day 18

I'm just after my first Recon mission. It was supposed to be a three hour mission, but we encountered some troublesome locals in vast numbers, turned into a firefight lasting a day and a half. Reports have been coming in more and more disturbing. Traces of plasma have been found at a high majority of crime scenes. Nobody knows what it's from, but we're all thinking what we dare not say.

Day25

Oh God, it was terrifying. Thirteen of us are now dead. That is including two members of Noble Team. I am lucky enough to be among the remaining twelve Spartans. It's not good, turns out the Covenant are on Reach. A Battalion of elite squads named the Winter Contingency. Fortunately, another Spartan was been drafted in to fill the spot of Noble Six, left vacant for nigh on three years.

End
file.